



ALIENS
EARTH ANGEL

\$2.95 US
\$4.75 CAN

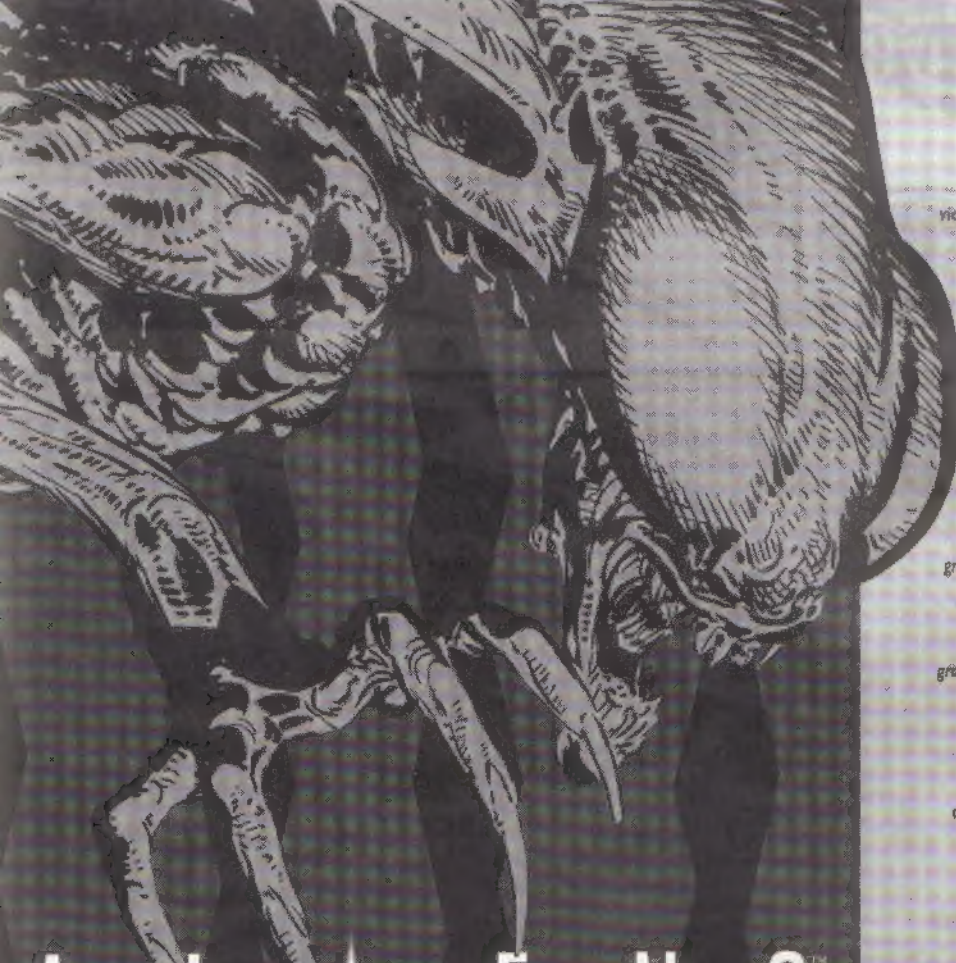
J O H N B Y R N E

ALIENS™

E A R T H A N G E L



[Signature]
1992



ALIENS

EARTH ANGEL

WRITTEN AND
ILLUSTRATED BY
JOHN BYRNE

COLORED BY
MATT WEBB

DESIGNED BY
APRIL JOHNSON

SERIAL EDITED BY
RONNIE NOIZE

ORIGINAL ALIEN DESIGN
H.R. GIGER

MIKE RICHARDSON
publisher

NEIL HANKERSON
executive vice president

DAVID SCROGGY
vice president of publishing

LOU BANK
vice president of sales & marketing

ANDY KARABATSOS
vice president of finance

MARK ANDERSON
general counsel

Editorial

DIANA SCHUTZ
editor in chief

HANDY STRADLEY
creative director

BOB COOPER
editorial coordinator

BOB SCHRECK
group editor: creator-owned titles

BARBARA KESEL
group editor: legend titles

MICHAEL EURY
group editor: company-owned titles

RYDER WINDHAM
group editor: licensed titles

Production & Design

CINDY MARKS
director of production & design

SEANTIERNEY
computer graphics manager

MARK COX
art director

CARY GRAZZINI
senior designer

DAVID CHIPPS
coloring department manager

RICHARD POWERS
print manager

Accounting

CHRIS CREVISTON
director of accounting

Marketing

MICHAEL MARTENS
marketing director

TOD BORLESKE
sales and licensing director



Aliens: Earth Angel, August 1994. Published by Dark Horse Comics, Inc., 19255 SE Main St., Milwaukie, Oregon 97222. Aliens™ and © 1994 Twentieth Century Fox Film Corporation. Aliens is a trademark of Twentieth Century Fox Film Corporation. All rights reserved. Text and illustrations of Aliens: Earth Angel are © 1994 Twentieth Century Fox Film Corporation. All other material, unless otherwise specified, is © 1994 Dark Horse Comics, Inc. All rights reserved. The stories, institutions, and characters in this magazine are fictional. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental. No portion of the publication may be reproduced, by any means, without the express written permission of Twentieth Century Fox Film Corporation and Dark Horse Comics, Inc. PRINTED IN CANADA.



MATT!
BE CAREFUL!
I'M
SCARED!

DON'T
SWEAT IT,
LOU ANN.

C'MON!
IT HIT JUST
OVER THIS...

...RIDGE...



NO! IT'S
MORE LIKE
SOME KINDA
**FLYING
SAUCER!**

BUT
IT'S ON
FIRE!

C'MON,
LOU! LET'S
SEE IF THERE'S
ANYBODY
INSIDE!



MATT--
THAT DOESN'T
LOOK LIKE ANY
AIRPLANE I'VE
EVER SEEN!



SO WE
BETTER BE
QUICK!

THERE'S
AN OPEN
HATCH OVER
HERE!

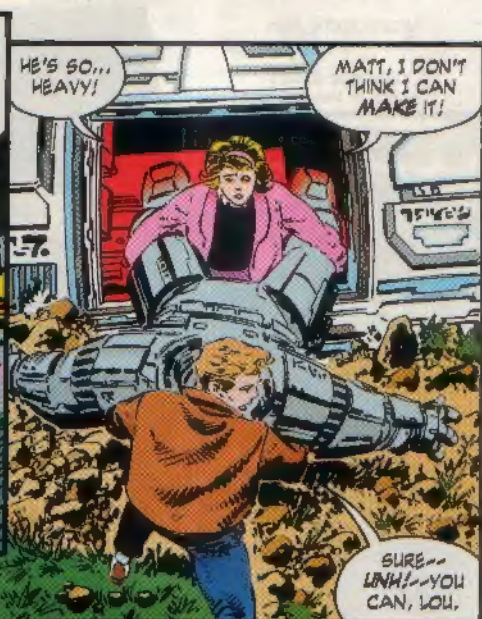


LOOK!
THAT'S
GOTTA BE
THE
PILOT!

MATT!
HE'S--IT'S
NOT EVEN
HUMAN!!



QUICK!
HELP ME CARRY
HIM OUT BEFORE
THIS WHOLE
THING BLOWS!



HE'S SO...
HEAVY!

MATT, I DON'T
THINK I CAN
MAKE IT!

SURE...
LINA!...YOU
CAN, LOU.



MAN, LOOK
AT THAT BABY
BURN!

ANOTHER
COUPLA MINUTES
AN' THERE'LL BE
NOTHING LEFT!

AS IF IT WAS
DESIGNED TO
LEAVE NO TRACE
OF ITSELF IF IT
CRASHED!

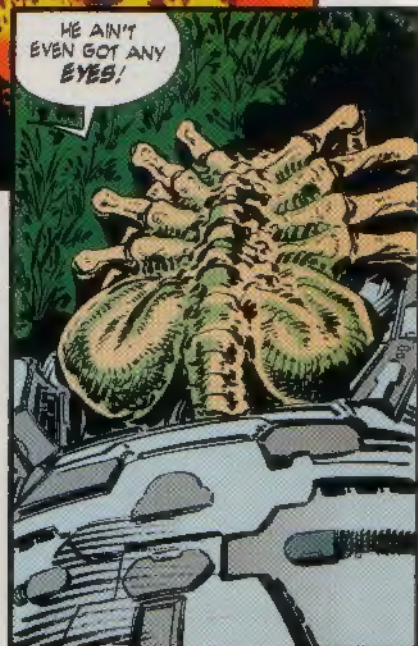
BUT...
WHERE DID IT
COME FROM?



AND
WHY DID HE
CRASH?

BABE, IT'S
A WONDER
HE COULD FLY
AT ALL!

LOOK
AT THAT
FACE!



HE AN'T
EVEN GOT ANY
EYES!

WH-WHAT
IS THAT
THING??

GOOD
LORD!

A
PATIENT,
MRS.
MILLER.

NOW, I KNOW
YOU WERE JUST
HEADING HOME,
BUT I NEED YOUR
HELP WITH THIS.

IS HE
ALIVE,
DOC?

MATTHEW
WEBBER! IS THIS
ONE OF YOUR
FRANKS?

NUH-
UH, MRS.
MILLER.

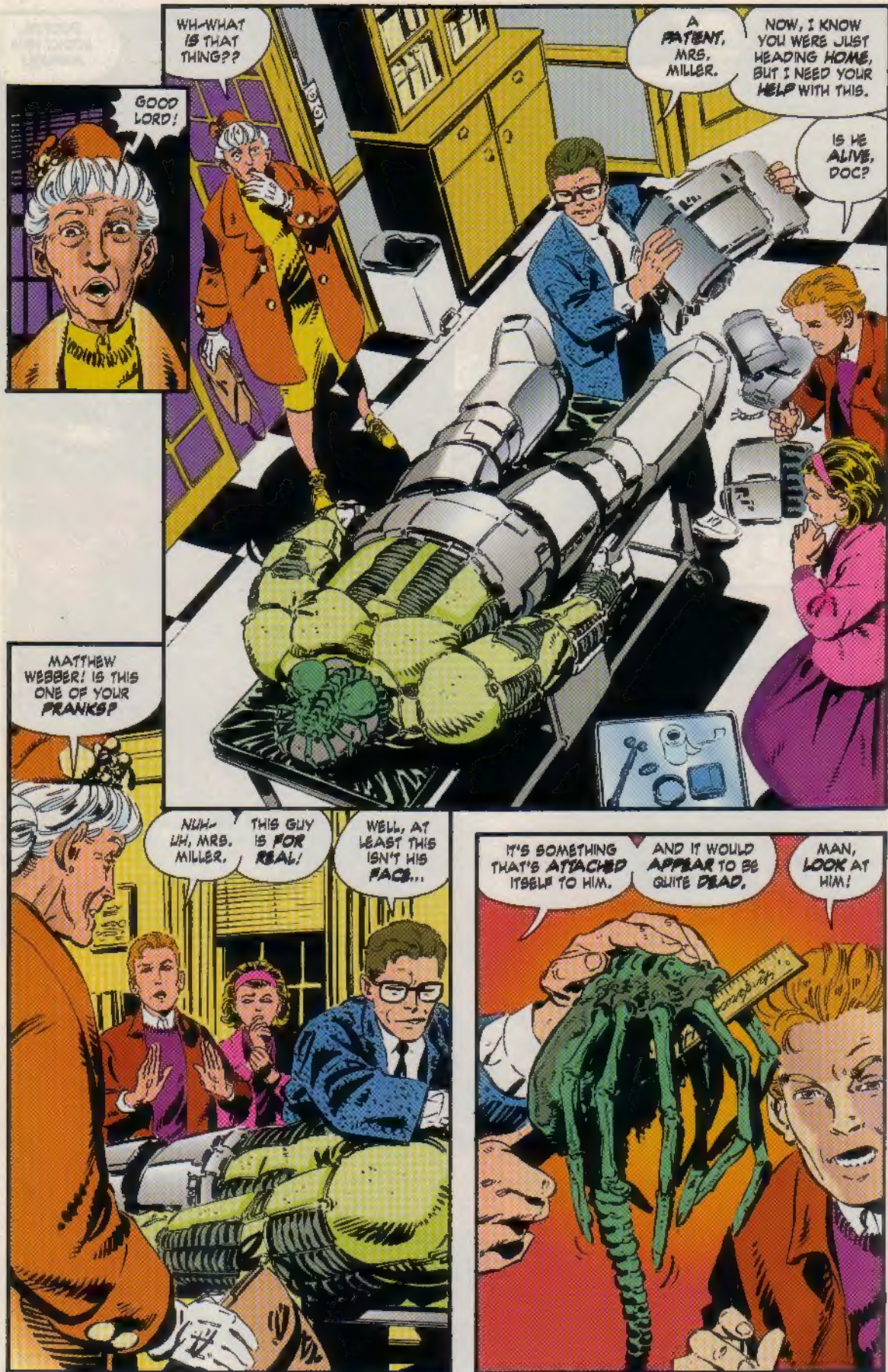
THIS GUY
IS FOR
REAL!

WELL, AT
LEAST THIS
ISN'T HIS
FACE...

IT'S SOMETHING
THAT'S ATTACHED
ITSELF TO HIM.

AND IT WOULD
APPEAR TO BE
QUITE DEAD.

MAN,
LOOK AT
HIM!





HIS REAL
FACE AIN'T MUCH
OF AN IMPROVE-
MENT!!



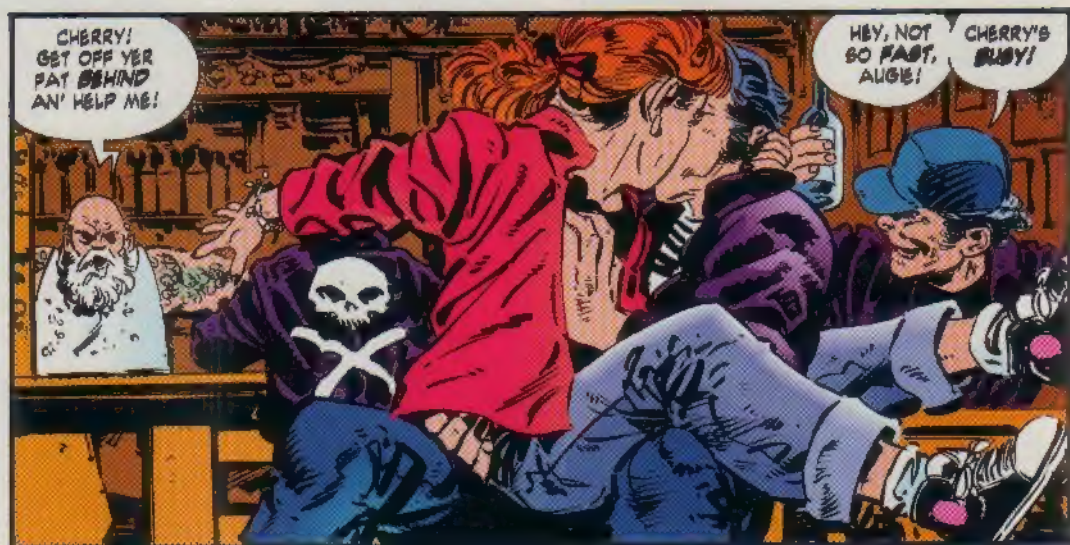
THIS IS BEYOND
ME. I THINK WE'D
BETTER CALL
WASHINGTON.

DOCTOR,
LOOK! HE'S
AWAKE!



HE'S
IN A
PANIC!

EASY!
EASY! WE
WANT TO
HELP...



OH, MAN,
I GOTTA TAKE
A LEAK!

STOP

WELL, BIG
TOM AN' HIS
OL' LADY ARE
BUSY IN TH'
CAN, DADDY-O.

"YOU'RE GONNA HAF TA FIND
YOURSELF A FRIENDLY TREE."

BIG
TOM.

BIG
TOM.

THINKS HE'S
SO GODDAMN
TOUGH.

THINGS WUZ
DIFFERENT
WHEN DUKE WAS
RUNNING THIS...

YAA-
AGH!!

HUH..?
WHAT'S..?

HARLEY
DAVIDSON







DAN,
PLEASE!
THIS IS TOO
MUCH!

YOU'RE
FRIGHTENING
A CIA HALF OUT
OF HER WITS!

NO, I'M
NOT.

YOU'RE OKAY,
AREN'T YOU,
PRINCESS?

I GUESS SO,
DADDY. BUT
WHY DO WE HAVE
TO GO TO GRAN'S
HOUSE?



JUST FOR
FUN, ALBY. NOW
YOU HURRY AND
GET THE REST OF
YOUR THINGS FROM
UPSTAIRS.



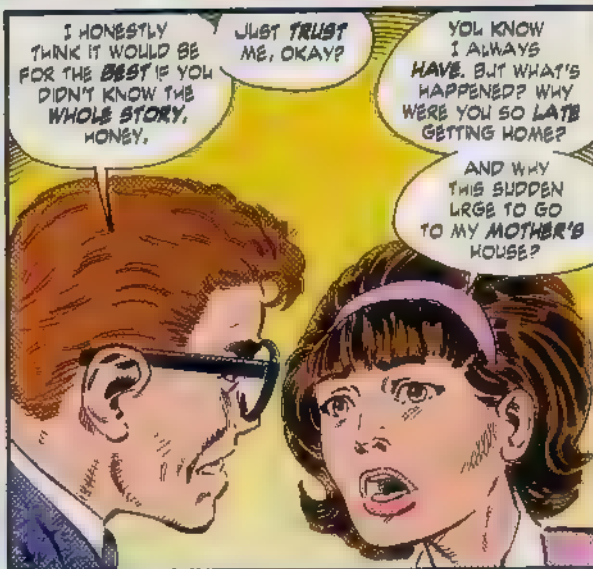
DAN...
PLEASE, YOU'VE
GOT TO TELL ME
WHAT'S GOING
ON!

I HONESTLY
THINK IT WOULD BE
FOR THE BEST IF YOU
DIDN'T KNOW THE
WHOLE STORY,
HONEY.

JUST TRUST
ME, OKAY?

YOU KNOW
I ALWAYS
HAVE. BUT WHAT'S
HAPPENED? WHY
WERE YOU SO LATE
GETTING HOME?

AND WHY
THIS SUDDEN
URGE TO GO
TO MY MOTHER'S
HOUSE?

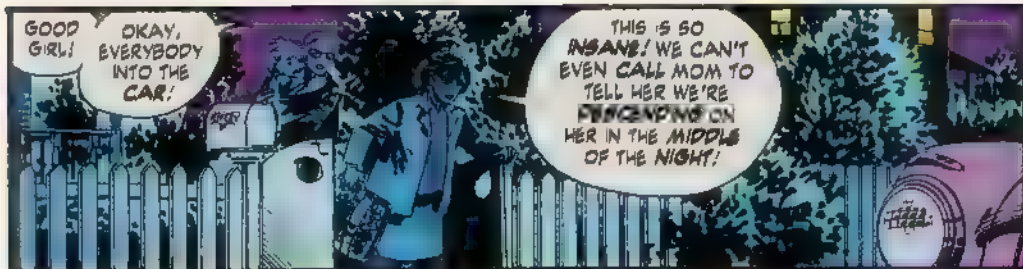


I JUST THINK
IT WOULD BE
FOR THE BEST IF YOU
AND ALBY LEFT TOWN
FOR A WHILE.

NOW, PLEASE,
CAN WE JUST
LEAVE IT AT
THAT?

I'M
READY,
DADDY.





GOOD GIRL!

OKAY, EVERYBODY INTO THE CAR!

THIS IS SO INSANE! WE CAN'T EVEN CALL MOM TO TELL HER WE'RE DEFENDING ON HER IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT!

"YOU KNOW SHE DOESN'T HAVE A TELEPHONE..."

I HATE IT WHEN WE HAVE TO GO ALONG THIS STRETCH OF ROAD.

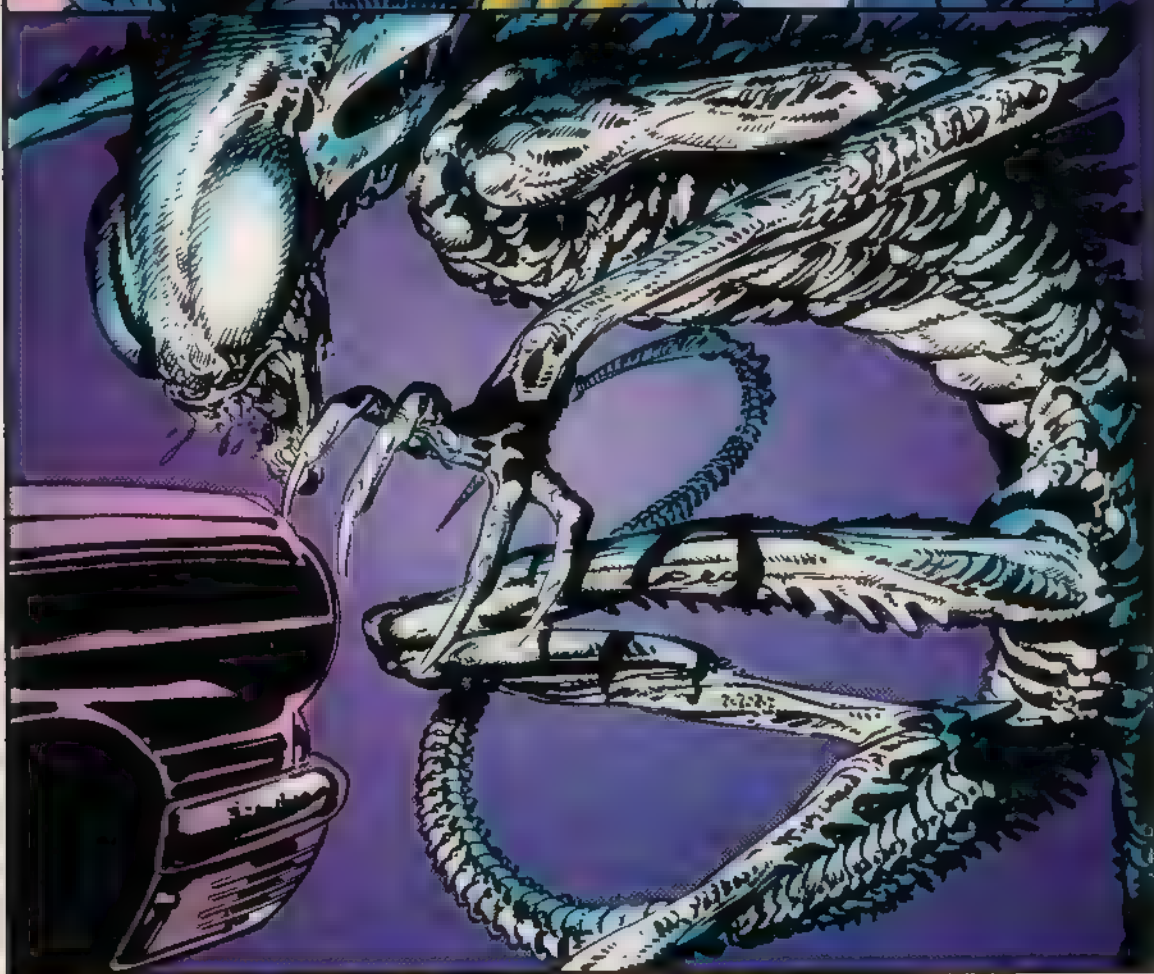
I WISH SHERIFF MCKELGAN WOULD SHUT DOWN THAT AWFUL ROADHOUSE.

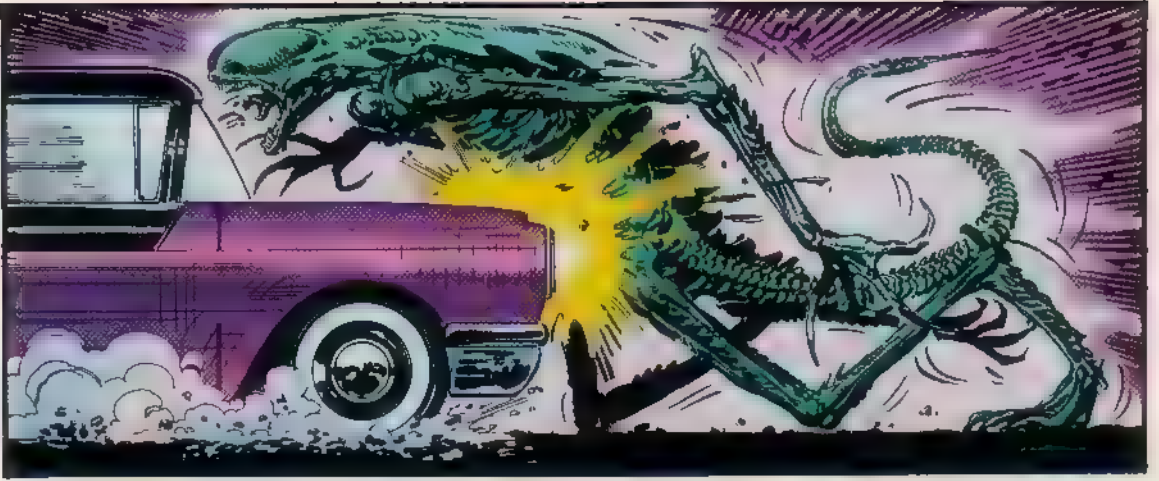


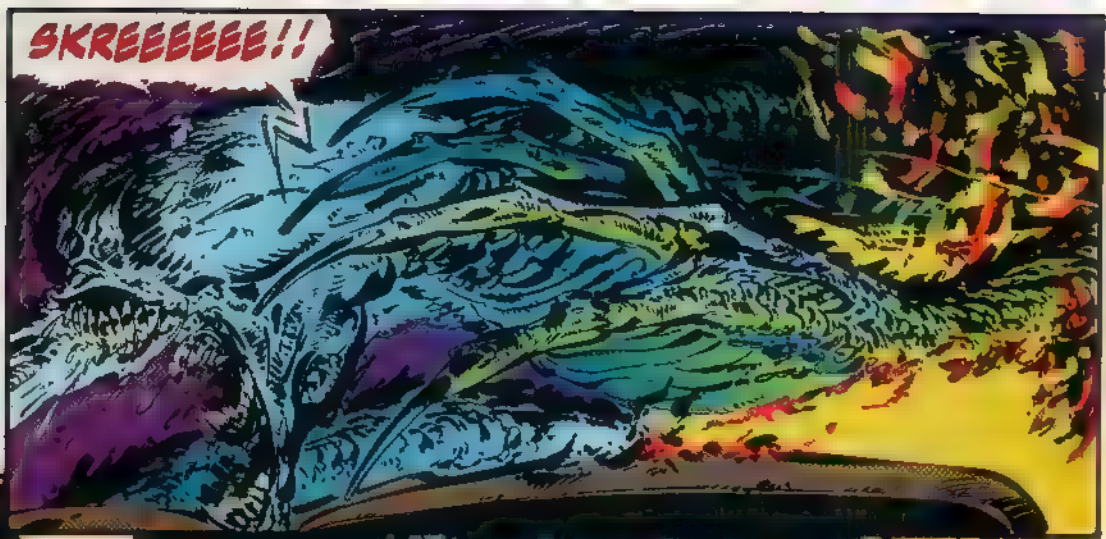
IT'S LIKE A MAGNET FOR EVERY HOOD AND J.D. FOR SIX COUNTIES!

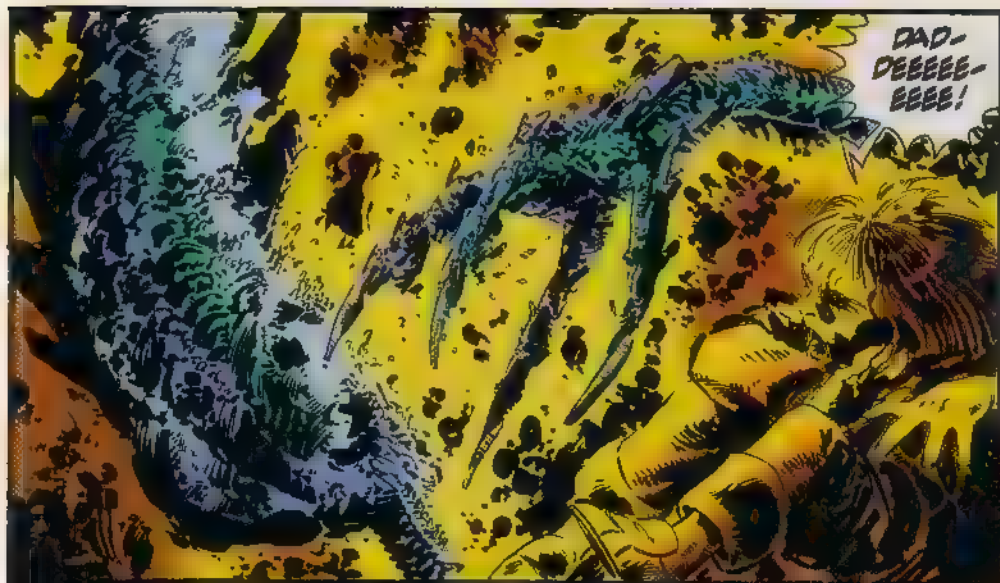
I KNOW, I'VE SPOKEN TO HIM ABOUT IT, BUT I THINK HE'S MORE THAN A LITTLE AFRAID OF THOSE...

DADDY! WHAT'S THAT?!

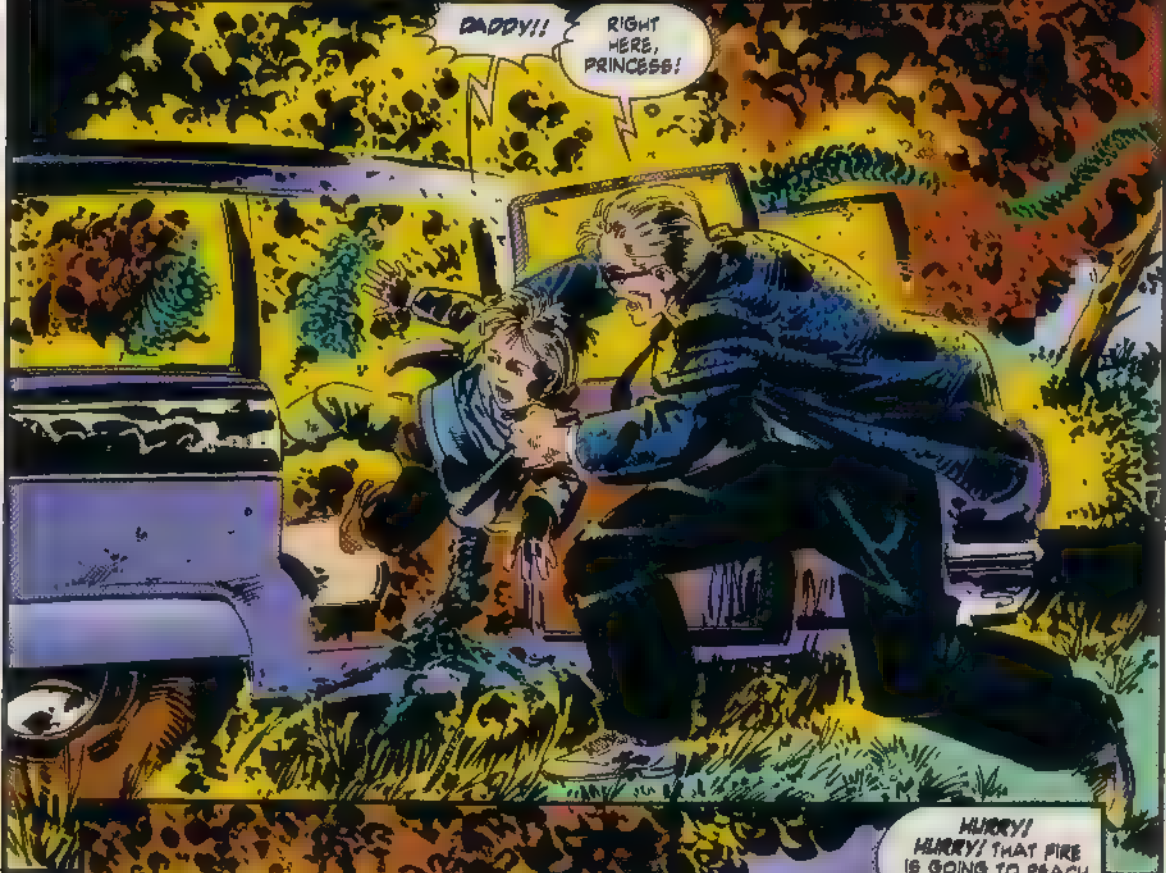








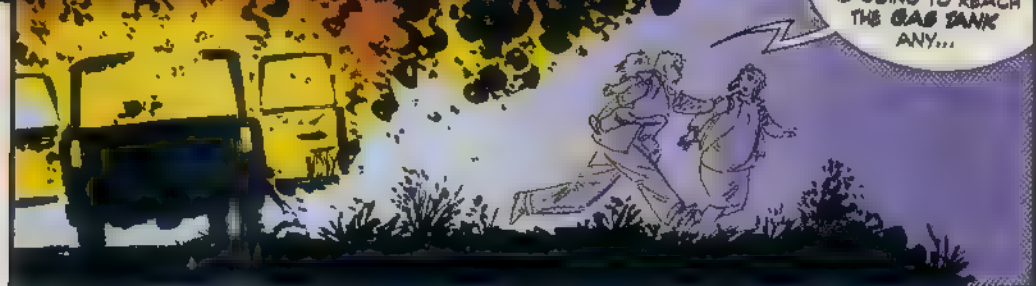
DAD-
DEEEEE-
EEEE!

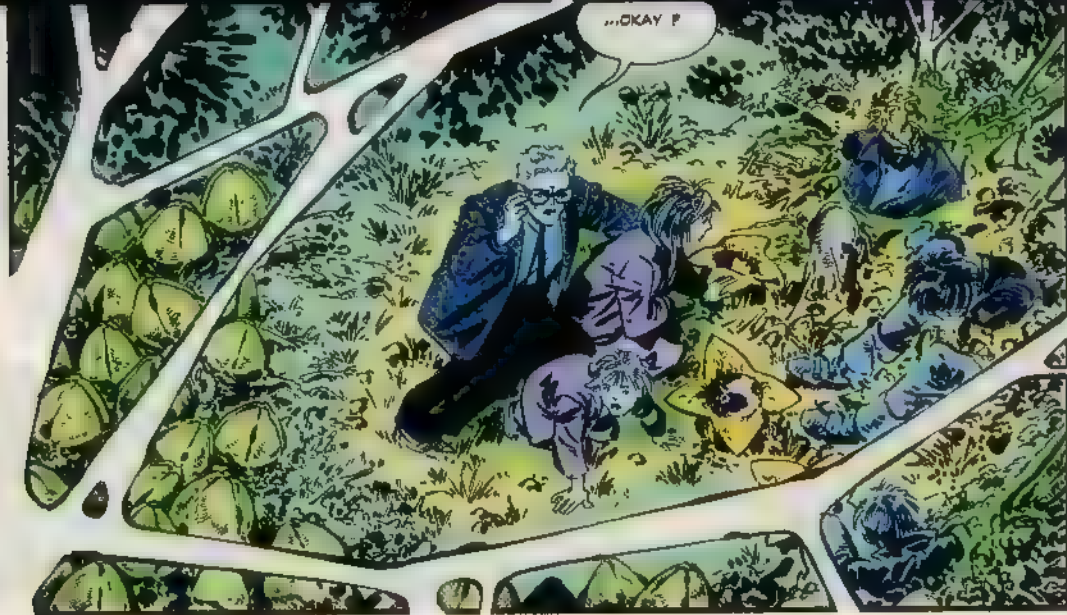
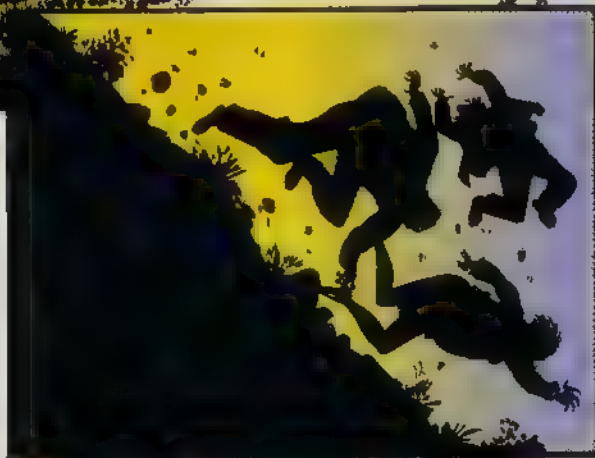
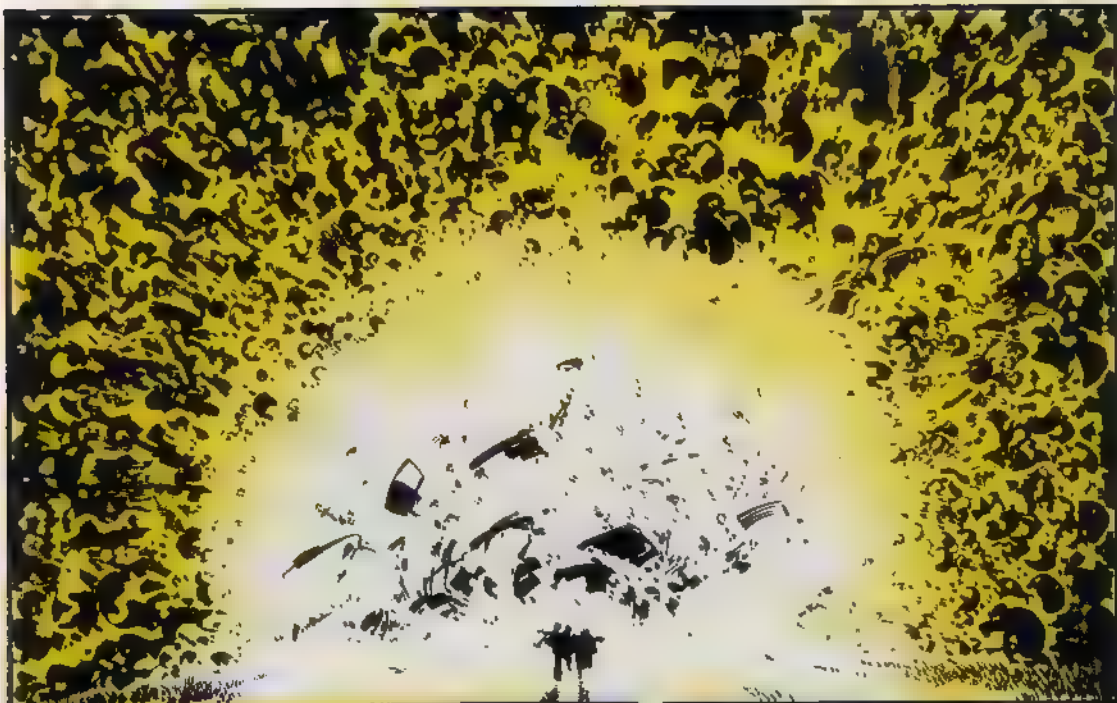


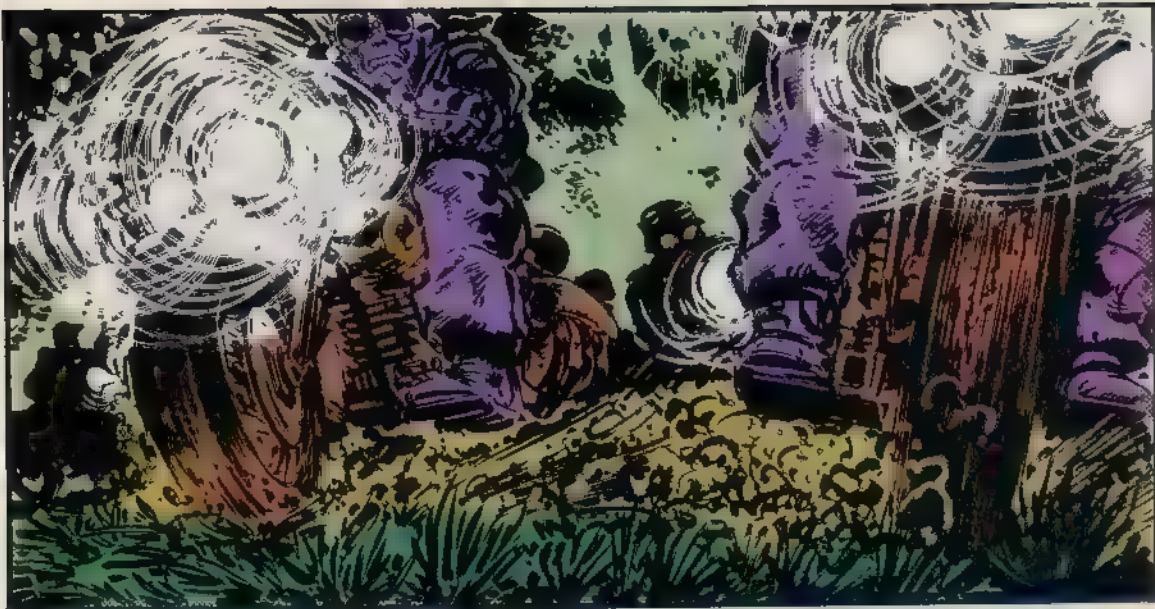
DADDY!!

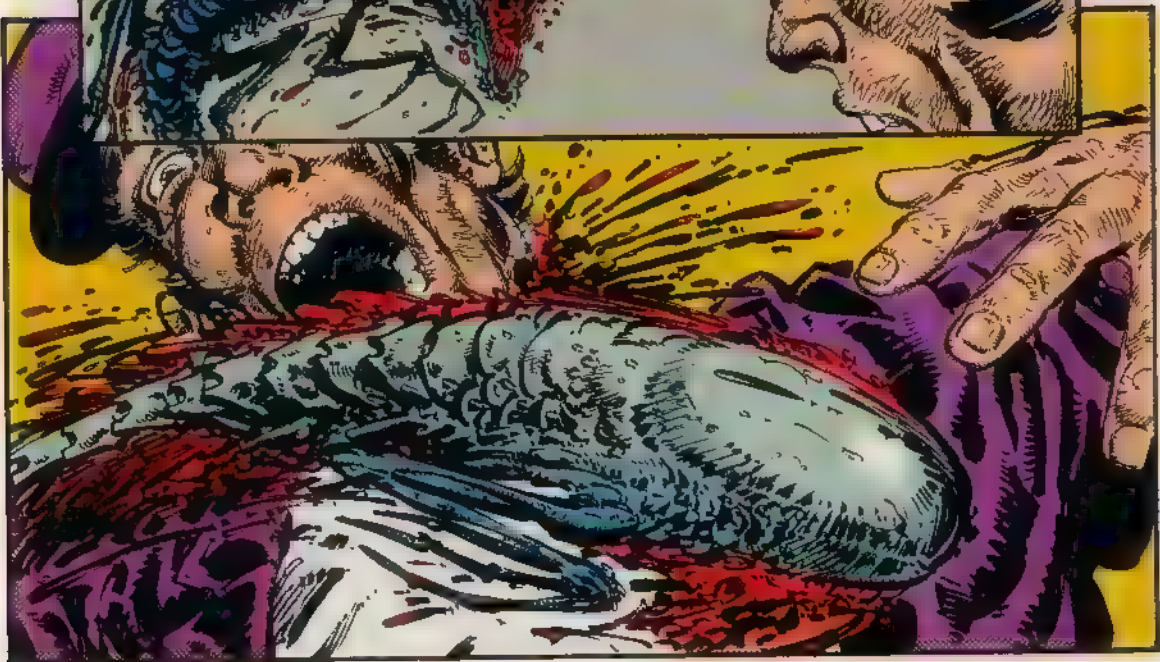
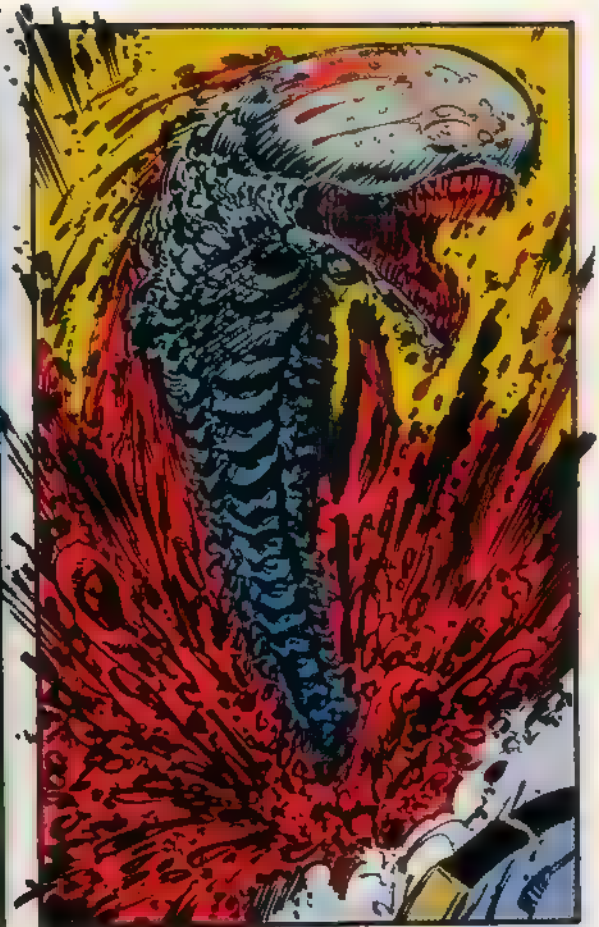
RIGHT
HERE,
PRINCESS!

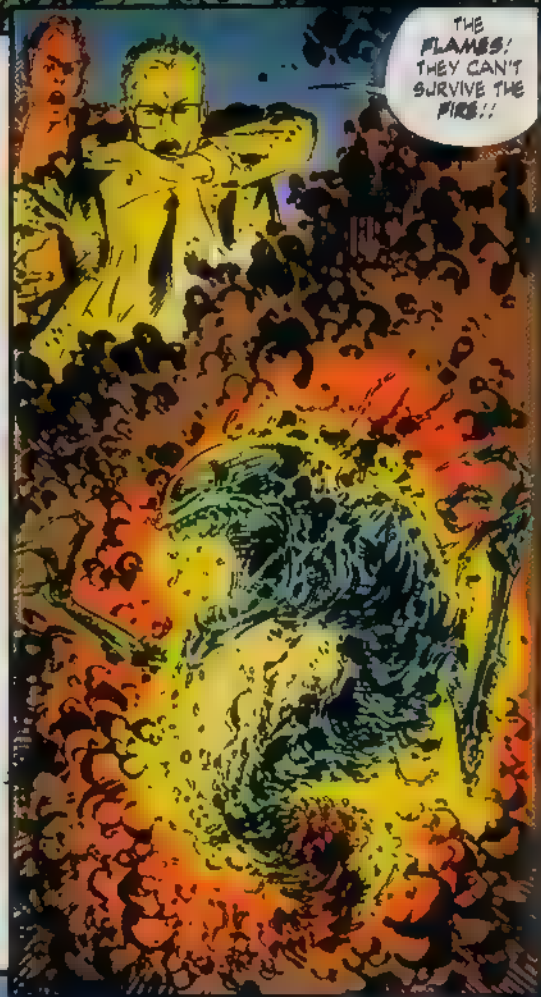
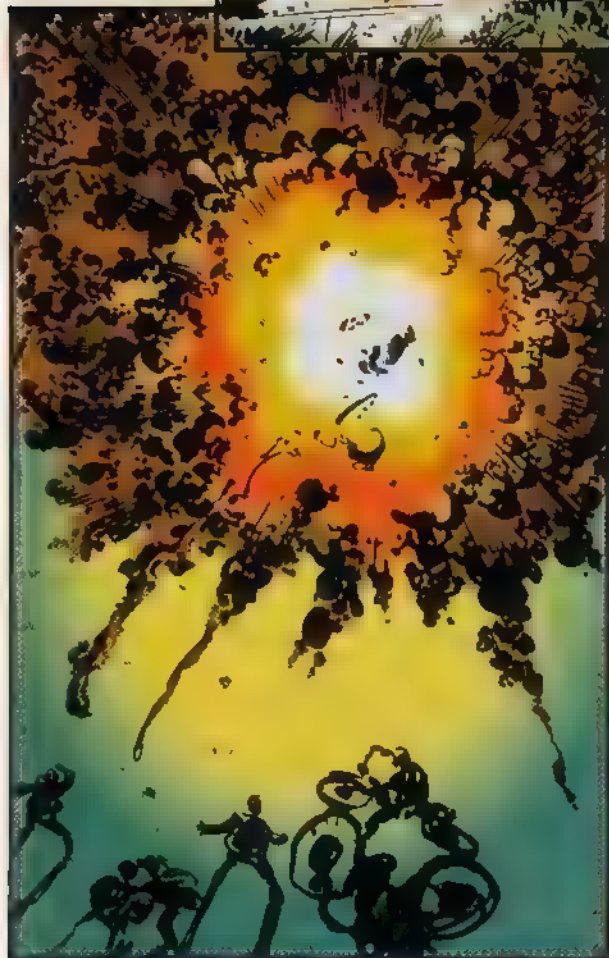
HURRY!
HURRY! THAT FIRE
IS GOING TO REACH
THE GAS TANK
ANY...











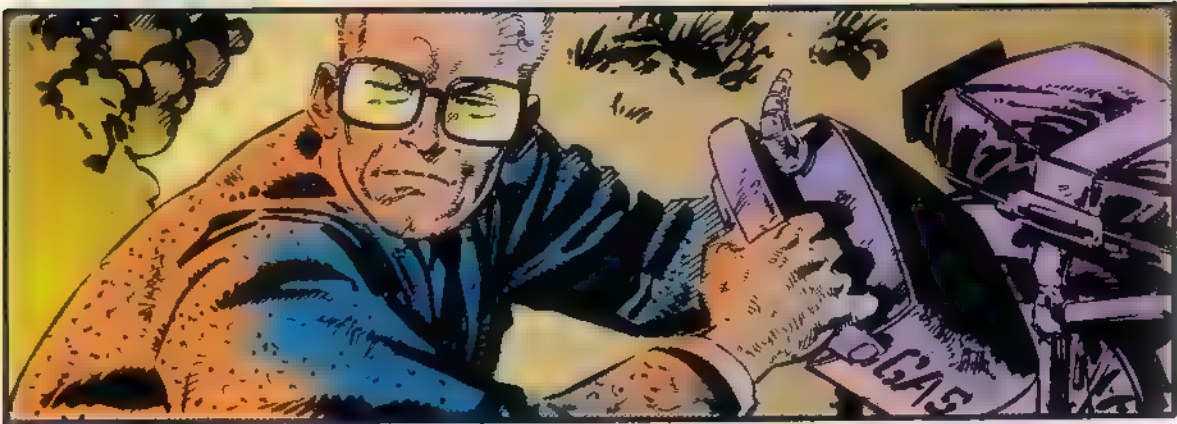
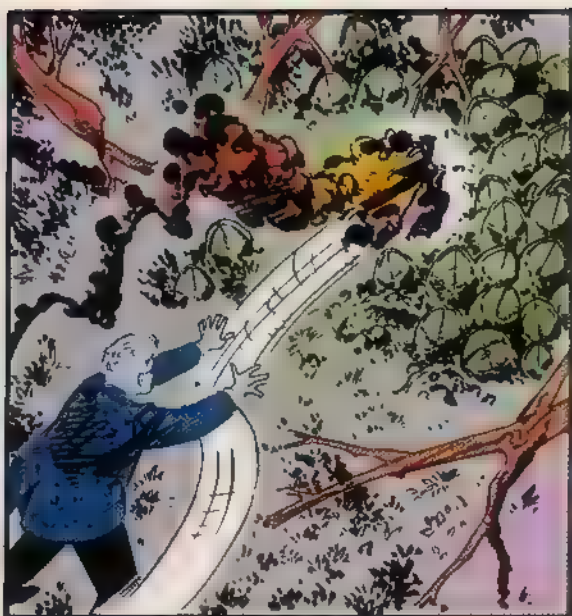
THE
FLAMES!
THEY CAN'T
SURVIVE THE
FIRE!!

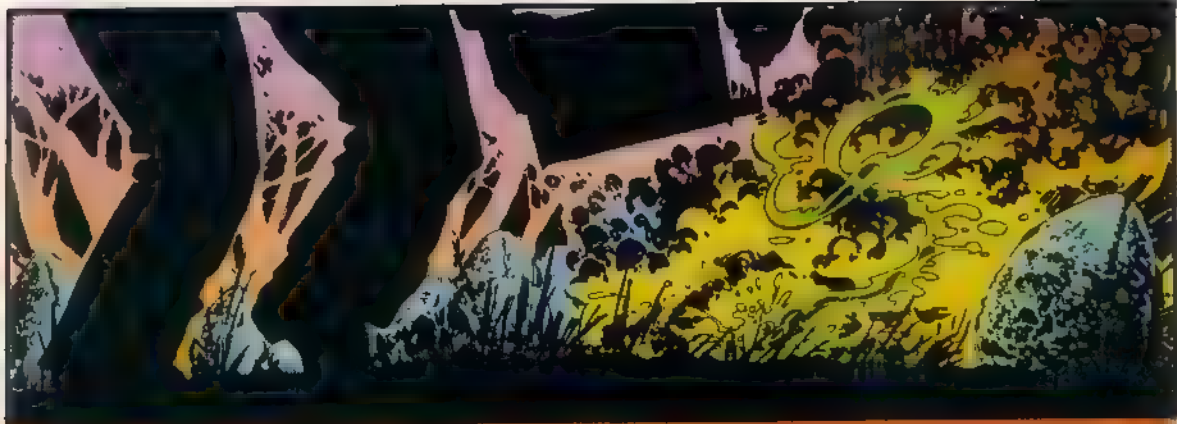


WE'VE GOT
TO BURN THEM
TO DEATH!

HEY, NO
WAY,
MAN!













THIS IS THE PLACE!



JESUS! WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED HERE??

YOU TELL ME, COLONEL.



THE FIRE GOT SO BIG WE HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO STAND BACK AND LET IT BURN ITSELF OUT.

COLONEL MURPHY! TAKE A LOOK AT THIS!



WHAT IN THE NAME OF...?

THERE'S A COUPLE DOZEN OF THESE THINGS, SIR, SCATTERED THRU TH' HUMAN REMAINS.



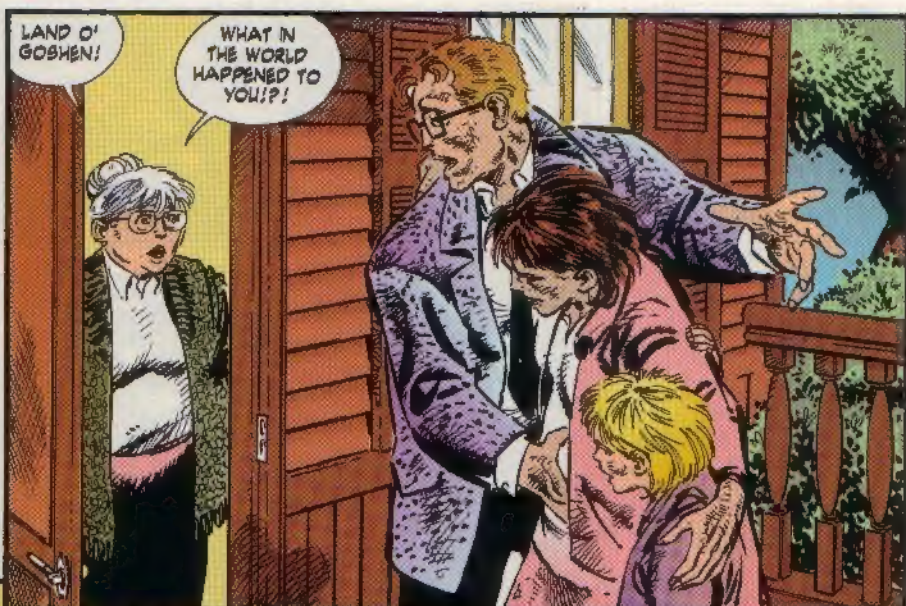
YESSIR, BUT... I'LL BE HONEST WITH YOU, COLONEL. THE STATE THIS PLACE IS IN...

ALL RIGHT, SEAL THIS PLACE UP, SERGEANT. I WANT A FULL REPORT BY SUNSET.



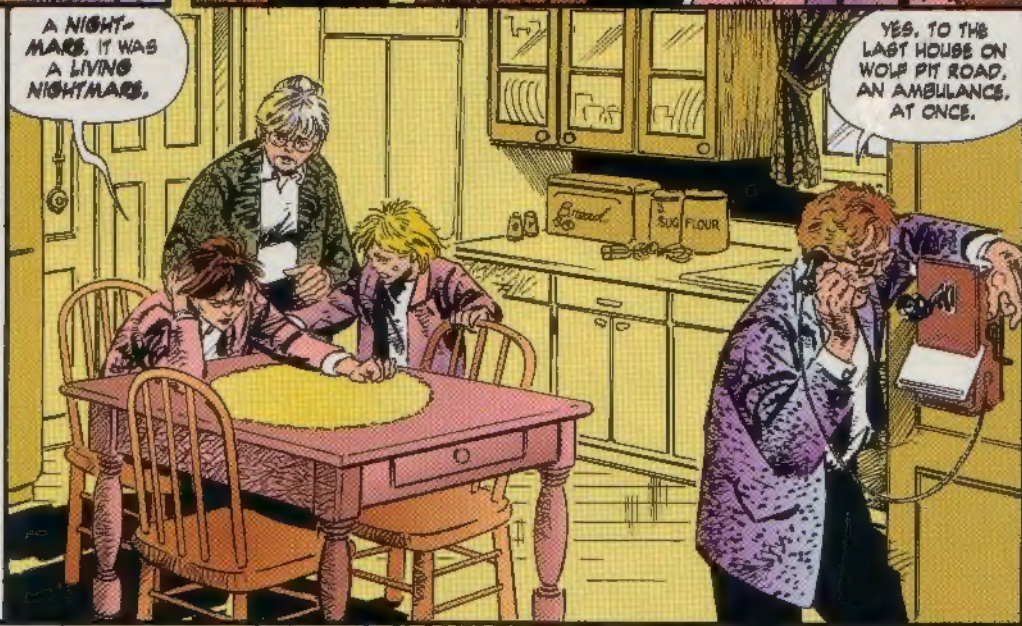
"...I DON'T HOLD OUT MUCH HOPE OF BEIN' ABLE TO TELL YOU MUCH OF ANYTHING!"

OPEN UP!
PLEASE!
WE MUST USE YOUR TELEPHONE!



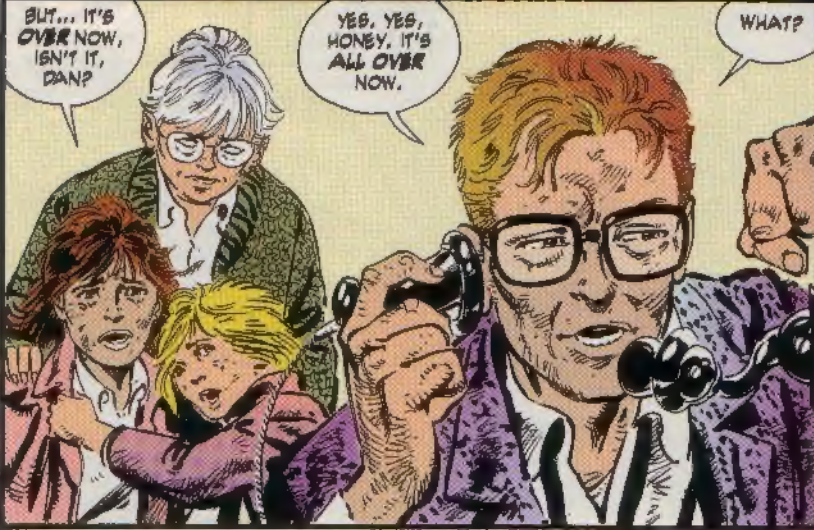
LAND O' GOSHEN!

WHAT IN THE WORLD HAPPENED TO YOU!?!



A NIGHTMARE. IT WAS A LIVING NIGHTMARE.

YES. TO THE LAST HOUSE ON WOLF PIT ROAD. AN AMBULANCE. AT ONCE.



BUT... IT'S OVER NOW, ISN'T IT, DAD?

YES, YES, HONEY. IT'S ALL OVER NOW.

WHAT?



OH... RIPLEY.

MY NAME IS DOCTOR DANIEL RIPLEY.